

PENTHOUSE

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EXCLUSIVE
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AND MEXICAN

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PLEASURE PIT

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DRIVE-IN REVIVAL

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EROTIC VALENTINE

FOR THE
COGNOSCENT

IRAN
AN INSIDE LOOK AT
THE SHAH'S TORTURE
CHAMBER

THE LESBIAN
CONNECTION

DIVORCE LAWYERS
DELVING FOR
DOLLAR



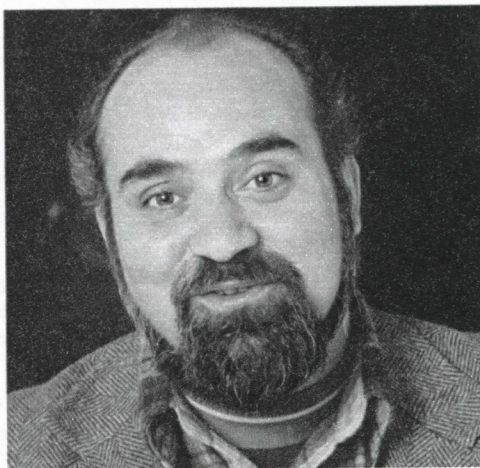
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THE SHAH'S TORTURE CHAMBERS

On the fourth day of my imprisonment I was removed from dungeon number fourteen to number seventeen. Number fourteen was completely dark in the daytime. Located in the worst part of the Komite Prison, it was generally used for holding the "dangerous elements" of the prison. There were three number fourteens, one on each floor, but that on the first floor was the worst of all: wet and pitch-dark, facing the sole three open toilets, from which a nauseating odor permeated the entire ward. The little vent on the iron door was kept shut all the time because the guards didn't want anyone to see who was going to the toilets. They wanted to prevent the prisoners from being able to identify each other. But there were also other reasons. The guards loved to observe the naked bodies of their victims, particularly if these victims were in the awkward posture of sitting and shitting. And they didn't want anyone to see them watching their victim-objects.

I had been completely alone in number fourteen. Three days earlier I had been given seventy-five blows on the soles of my feet with a braided-wire whip. I had been threatened with a pistol held at my temple by the head torturer, Dr. Azudi. I was told that if I didn't confess, my wife and my thirteen-year-old daughter would be raped in front of my eyes. One of my fingers was broken, and I had been beaten very severely. I couldn't walk. I literally crawled into the only two places that one was allowed to enter in the Komite: the toilet and the interrogator's office. But one usually went blindfolded even to these two places.

Life in number seventeen was more tolerable for two reasons: first, because I met MA, who was a pillar of human



By Reza Baraheni

Reza Baraheni was associate professor of English Literature at the University of Tehran. In 1973 he was arrested because of his criticisms of the shah and was held in the Komite Prison, in Tehran, for 102 days. He is currently living in New York, writing and lecturing. This essay will be part of his new book, *The Crowned Cannibal* (Random House).

resistance; and, second, because the sun, passing in its ordinary direction in the world outside, generously shed some shaded light onto the wall opposite the little hole located on top of the high wall. Later in my prison days, I would raise myself on tip-toes to allow this meager light to touch my face. This was my sole connection with the free world. I would woo the sun to take me out through the little hole, feed me to the birds and the beasts, and help me to avoid rotting in the hands of human executioners.

MA tried to get up and shake hands, but he could not. He was a short and sturdy man, with heavily swollen hands and feet. The problem with him was that no matter how badly he was flogged by the braided wire, he couldn't bleed. His swollen hands and feet gave him a primitive look, as if the rest of his body had grown into full humanity because of a miraculous accident, leaving his hands

and feet in the primeval forest. His eyes shone like two spoonfuls of blood. He seemed to suffer from severe diarrhea, but he told me later the reason for his travail: he had great pain in his testicles and penis, and he pissed blood because he had been given shocks by means of an electric prod applied to his genitals. He was afraid that he had become permanently impotent, but a few nights later, when he had a wet dream, he was happy. He underwent torture twenty hours every day. This went on for ten days, until he was removed from my cell and I was left alone again.

MA crawled into my cell in the middle of the night. He would say: "I haven't told them yet." His torturer was a man called Dr. Rassouli. All torturers called themselves "Doc-